

Here beginneth
The second Part of the

539

FRYE R and the BOY.

Many a merry Jest
Herein is exprest.



LONDON,

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Printed by A. M. and W. R. for E. B. and F. B. the
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The second Part of the
FRIER and the BOY.

Et Venus fair that sits above,
And eke Cupid the God of Love,
and Pan assist withall;
And giue true lovers each good thing,
who listen to me when I sing,
let blessing them befall.

The story that I shall relate,
Is of a Pouths unhappy fate,
and eke his Nestes withall.
Some call'd him John, some call'd him Jack
but sure he was a merry Crack,
and witty eke withall.

Then listen what I say to you,
And of these Lines come take a blew:
they'l purge your melancholy.

Come laugh your fill and do not spare,
Let all that hears me laugh these waies
come let's be blithe and jolly.

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You oft have read that merry top
Of the Fryer and the Boy,
how sweetly he did play
Upon a sweet and merry Pipe,
That made mens senses quick and ripe,
and dance both night and day,
And of his Step-dames cruelty,
And the report that she let fly,
and of the Fryers intent,
And of his dancing in the bush,
When that he went to catch the Thrushe,
how all his Clothes were rent,
How every man start up and dance,
Doctors, Priests and Sumners prance,
so long as they could stand.
All persons that this Pipe did hear,
were fill'd with mirth and merry cheer,
all was at Jacks command.
His manly tricks I will recite,
Filled with mirth and much delight;
how he rebenge did take,
Upon Tobias that stout Fryer,
And for his tricks gave him his hire,
himself amends to make.
Jack departed from his Step-dame,
And went to serbe a Gentleman,
and pleas'd him wondrous well,
And with his maid he fell in love,

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ch unto him did faithless prove,
 much as I here tell.



His Fryer us'd to her bed-side,
 and did no more but up and ride;
 all this pooz Jack beheld;
 this caus'd Jack her to despise,
 to see her tall and the Fryer rise;
 revenge in's heart then swell'd.
 Venus and Cupid he implozes,
 the which all true lovers adozes,
 to grant him his request,
 and Pan the Piper for to grant,
 to help him play a new cozant,
 he held it to be best.

Abob

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Above you may behold and see,
How he is prostrate on his knee,
and in his hands a Cat ;

Desiring that his love may turn
Into that shape, and eber mourn,
and catch both Mouse and Cat.

Go on and prosper Venus said,
Fall to thy sports, be not afraid
to use thy utmost skill.

I granted have thy full intent,
But see thou use't in merriment,
no blood of life to spill,

The Fryer he was kneeling there,
And when he these words did hear,
they pierc't him to the heart :

Now out alas the Fryer said,
I am in danger and afraid,
till I shall feel the smart.

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Last night after he did spy
The Fryer in the matos bed to lye,
Naked both they lay;
Then he pul'd out his Pipe and play'd;
And he like one that was afraid,
Ran into the high way:

Both Fryer and maid leapt out o'th bed,
The Fryer fell down and broke his head,
Thus danc't into the street;

Both old and young, both rich and pooz,
Came out at window some, at dooz,
Laughing each other greet.



The Cattel hearing of the same,

Straight

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Straightway from their pastures came,
and merrily did dance;

The horses that most fast were it'd
Came galloping on ebery side,
and stately they did prance;

Also the swine aloud did cry,
And presently pull'd down their cry,
and these full high did capoz,

Also the Bears began to roar,
And presently the stable toze,
they altogether bapoz.

Like told the Cats came dancing in,
Each one of them did poul and grin,
and made such harmony;

The Dogs came skipping and did houl,
Also much stoz of feather'd fowl,
they danc't prodigously;

Also the Goats hearing the same,
From the mountains skipping came,
and knock't their hozns together.

Their clattering hozns made such a noise,
No man could hear each others voice,
like wind and stormy weather;

Mean while a mighty storm did rise,
And darksome clouds made dark the sky,
snow, rain and hail together;

Which did so supple their joynts,
Made many of them untruss their points,

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in spight of wind and weather.

At this sight all men did muse.

That stood on hills, how could they chuse?
but none durst come them near;

Thinking both men and cattel mad,
This made the Countrey-men full sad,
and run away for fear,

But one more wisser than the rest,
Rememb'ring the former jest,
with wood stopt both his ears,

And whilst Jack did pipe aloud,
The old man prest into the croud,
as one quite bold of fears,

And from him snatch't his pipe away;
Fryer take the pipe, thus did he say,
I gibe it unto thee,

Jack said, Fryer gibe to me my pipe,
Or it shall cost thee many a stripe,
assured shalt thou be:

Thy pipe he said thou shalt not have,
For thou art an unlucky knave,
I know unto my sorrow;

Seest thou not how we are tir'd,
We never get the pipe desir'd,
call thou again to morrow.

At this the rabble did still stand,
And those that danced hand in hand,
the Fryer and the maid.

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Every one at them did scoff,
To see them naked and clothes off,
How they were both betray'd.

But Jack he knew not what to say,
Because his pipe was ta'en away,
This made him very sad:

He how'd rebenged for to be,
Or else how down the Fryers best tree,
The best fruit tree he had:

And as you shall understand,
A fair wood at was near at hand,
To felling straight he went;

The Fryer hearing of the sound,
He straightway came into the ground,
To know Jacks full intent;

The Fryer he began to threat,
How evilly Jack he would treat,
Said surely he should dye:

Not so, Tobias, said the youth,
hope you do not now speak truth,
peccavi I do cry.

O good Tobias then he said,
Under's a traupe makes me afraid:
The Fryer turn'd him round;

Back o'er his head did cast a line,
Which about his arms did twine,
and to a tree him bound.

His senses then was quick and ripe,

And

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And from the Fryer he took his pipe,
and made him sing a mass;
His Leman hearing of the noise,
and knowing well the Fryers voice,
came like a loving lass;
Belly to belly he did them tye,
Both fast to th' tree assuredly,
and then his pipe 'gan play;
The Fryer then knockt the tree again,
so that the blood ran down again,
cry'd Jack I pray the stay.
Betwixt the Fryer and his lass,
such a jumbling then there was,
the like was never seen;
The blood ran down on every side,
Our bones are broken they both cry'd,
against this tree so green:
But Jack so left them in this sort,
And bids them take their fills of sport,
said thus, I you befriended
He straight repair'd unto the robon,
And unto them full many a clouton,
did thither quickly send;
Which when they came, did laugh again,
To see the Fryer and's lass half slain;
thou holy Fryer they said,
Dost thou love the flesh so well,
That this gay tree thou mean'st to fell,

an

The

and kill this comely maid.

Long after this good Tobias
Would needs go preach where Jack was,
and thither he doth weand;

The serving-men with wine him ply,
Before he doth ascend on high,
their kindness to commend.

He sate by th' fire, as it is said,
And's book upon the dzeffer laid;
Jack stole away his notes.

When that he began to preach,
His notes were all out of his reach,
he can probe nothing he quotes:

From pulpit straight then he came down,
Like unto a black-headed clown,
and nought could say at all:

The people then laught him to scorn;
This made the Fryer to seem forloren,
for pardon he did call.

It fell out on a holypday,
Tobias went to th' kirk to pray,
having drank ale and wine:

Having sung mass he was to preach,
And his towns-men he would teach,
how they should be divine.

A long psalm he then did call.
The hundred and nineteenth all,
good order for to keep

Fryer and the Boy.

The Clerk aloud the same did cry ;
The people made such harmony,
the Fryer fell fast asleep :

And having sung a full large hour,
The Fryer to wake had not the power,
they sung so merry a strain.

The people thought he had been dead,
And that life from him was fled ;
they late amazed then.

The sexton took him by the arm,
And shook him, but did him no harm,
so that he did him maze.

The glass is out the sexton cry'd,
The worse for me the Fryer reply'd,
fill't round again straight wapes :

The Fryer remembering of the house,
Where that morn he did carouse,
cry'd with a merry strain ;

All persons that do sit or stand,
Obey my words, I you command,
fill all the pots again,

Then start up that jebel crewd,
And every one laught out aloud :
some to themselves did mumble :

Some ober the petos did skip,
And some ober the forms did trip ;
they altogether tumble :

Jack he first gces out o'rb dooz,

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And both run the croud before,
and then with pipe aloud,
He leads them straight unto a green,
where all at once were dancing seen,
a mighty mixed croud:



Each man did take a married wife,
and danced about for love and life;
fine pastime to behold:

Each bachelor did take his maid,
and nimbly pranced as it is said,
so long as breath did hold.

Little children did dance a round,
if their feet could feel no ground,

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rare pastime they did make ;
And the lame that could not go,
Did then the art of footing know,
and lameness did forsake.

The Fryer had left his pulpit, and
did dance as long as he could stand,
amongst the jovial crew ;

The Officers that lib'd about,
Came for to blew this merry rout,
and of them took a blew.

And as I hear, the truth to tell,
The officers to dancing fell,
and call'd upon the Fryer,

That he some merry song should sing,
As they were dancing in the ring,
which he us'd in the Quire.

The Fryer rais'd his voice so high,
And all the people, verily,
strange ecchoes did rebound,

Their singing was exceeding rare,
Their voices sounded in the air
then from sky to ground.

The officers protested then,
As they were all libbing men,
the piper he should dye,

Except the boy had so much wit,
Presently from that place to sit,
his liberty to buy.

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The piper he start up as then,
And spake both unto maids and men,
and loud to them did hollow:

Now I'll play you the wild-goose-chase,
See that you follow me apace:
so be plaid, follow, follow.

So all at once aloud did sing,
And danc'd in ranks, files and ring,
into the woods so fair:

The officers did then protest,
If Jack would let them take some rest,
better that be should fare.

Peace, said the Fryer, I do thee charm;
See that thou do us no more harm,
for we all weary be:

Then Jack unto them did protest,
He freely gave them leave to rest,
and from dancing let them free.

Then had they some merry chat,
Some talkt of this, and some of that,
and some wry faces make:

Some laugh't till they were almost dead,
And some did hold their sides full fast,
because they soze did ache.

The Fryer complain'd of his fate,
And to the officers did prate,
of this unhappy lad:

protesting then assuredly,

Fryer and the Boy.

That of that surfeit he should dye,
if no redress he had.

The officers said surely we,
of the Fryers side must be,
or else wee'lt fare full ill.

Good officers then said the Fryer,
will complain unto the Prior,
that he this rogue may kill.

The Fryer with's heart full of care,
straight to the Abby doth repair,
and falls upon his knee:

Lord some pity on me take,
then for our Ladies sake,
revenge let me be.

There is a youth in our precinct,
Lord Ile tell you as I thinke,
the like hath never been:

He hath a pipe assuredly,
will make men dance and caper high,
the like was never seen.

Then said the Prior, faine would I see,
the thing that thou hast told to me,
it must be passing trim.

Heavens forbid then said the Fryer,
may let me from this place retire,
if that you will hear him.

The Prior did all the Fryers command,
before him presently to stand,

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a Court there he did hold,
He for the Ptozess did call,
And all the Funs both great and small,
his mind for to unfold.

He summoned all sorts of Monks,
The Dunces, and the famous Punks,
unto him to repair:

For many others then he sent,
Declaring of his full intent,
and of his prudent care.

Then gave he Tobias charge,
And commission very large,
to bring Jack him before;

Then took he a mighty guard,
Promising a great reward,
of gold and silver store.

They brought Jack before the Ptoz,
With Tobias the dancing Fryer,
which to him did complain:

My Lord, this boy is very base,
I wish your Lordship would him chase,
revenge I might attain.

The Ptoz said, let me hear the sound
Of this same pipe that's newly found,
what musick it can make?

Heavens forbid then said the Fryer,
That eber I should hear that lire:
some pity on me take:

Fryer and the Boy.

bands and feet together bind,
both before, and eke behind,

so that I may not move.

they bound him in his gown and cope,

with a strong and trusty rope,

the effect of his pipe to probe.

For on my son then said the Prior,

and likewise so said every Fryer,

let's hear thy melody.

When Jack his pipe then did advance,

all the Fryers began to dance,

the Prior capered high.

Some Prioresses nimbly trac'd the ground,

and all her Nuns did dance her round,

to have pastime to behold.

Now that with a Fryer did I see,

some skipping in immediately

clad in a Fryers coul.

The Fryer in his Nun's attire was seen,

which did declare where they had been,

appearing in this sort.

The cook came dancing with his spit,

as he danc't the Fryers hit,

which added to the sport.

The scullion with his dizzling-pan,

came dancing in like any man:

and as he turned round,

he hit the Fryers upon the face,

As

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As he round about did trace ;

then tumbled on the ground,

The Fryer that did lye fast bound,

Lay wallowing upon the ground,

and beat against the stones :

And many a crack he did let fly,

Which did amaze the company.

he almost burst his bones.

The Prior and dame Prioress,

As they still danc'd, they still did kiss,

as they danc'd in the hall.

The Prior he lightly leapt about,

Peeking his legs now in, now out,

and so catcht many a fall.

The Fryers all like hare-brain'd fools,

Leapt oer tables and oer stools,

and also brake their shins.

In heaps they roul upon the ground,

Whilst that Jacks musick it doth sound,

and burst their face and shins,

The Prior with dancing was so soze,

That he said boy do thou giue oze,

thou shalt receiue no harm :

No man shall do thee any wrong,

Neither with his hand nor tongue,

so well I will them charm.

My Lord, said he, you haue your will,

I will forbear ; they all stood still,

Fryer and the Boy.

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Some laugh, and some do rage ;
Some weary, to the ground do fall,
Some lean their backs against the wall,
Their laughing to asswage.

Thus was he from the Abby sent,
The Fryers and Nuns had all content,
He had a great reward :

Their grief of heart he did asswage,
And also did appease their rage,
The Prior did him regard.

Then homewards straight he did repair,
Singing, hey, ho, away the mare,
Still piping as he went :

A crew of labourers he meets,
As they marcht home along the streets,
They wondred what he meant :

Then straight to dancing all they fell,
The reason why they could not tell,
With pick-axes and spades :

They stoung the same about their heads,
As if they had been feather-beds ;
They pranced like merry blades.

Some oyster-women passing by,
And hearing of this harmony,
Thrust in amongst the throng :

The labourers to fighting fell,
The women spar'd them never a deal :
They scorned to take wrong,

The second Part of the
Till time serves can be,
And parted them immediately:
thus I conclude my song.

FINIS.

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The most Delectable History of R
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